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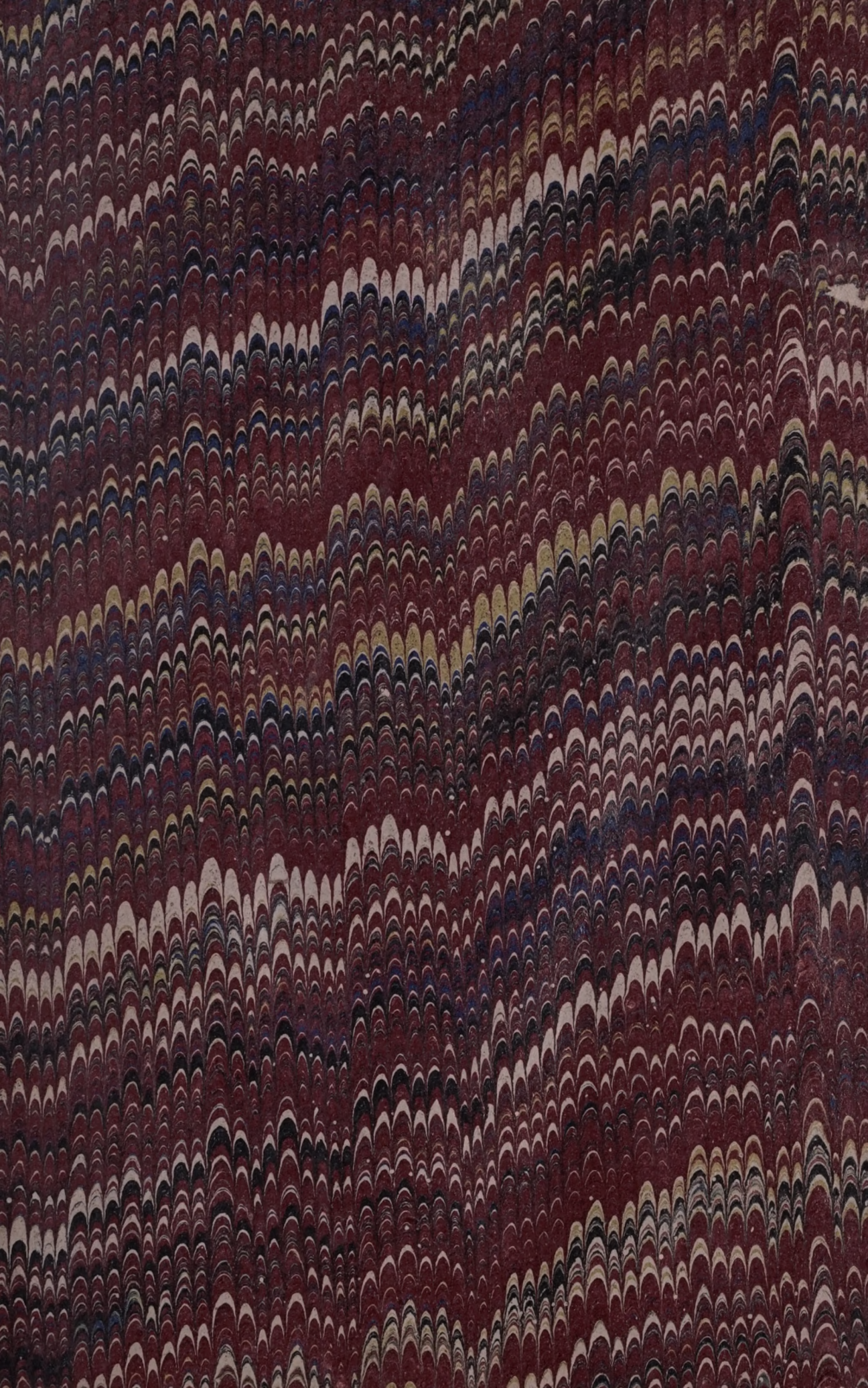
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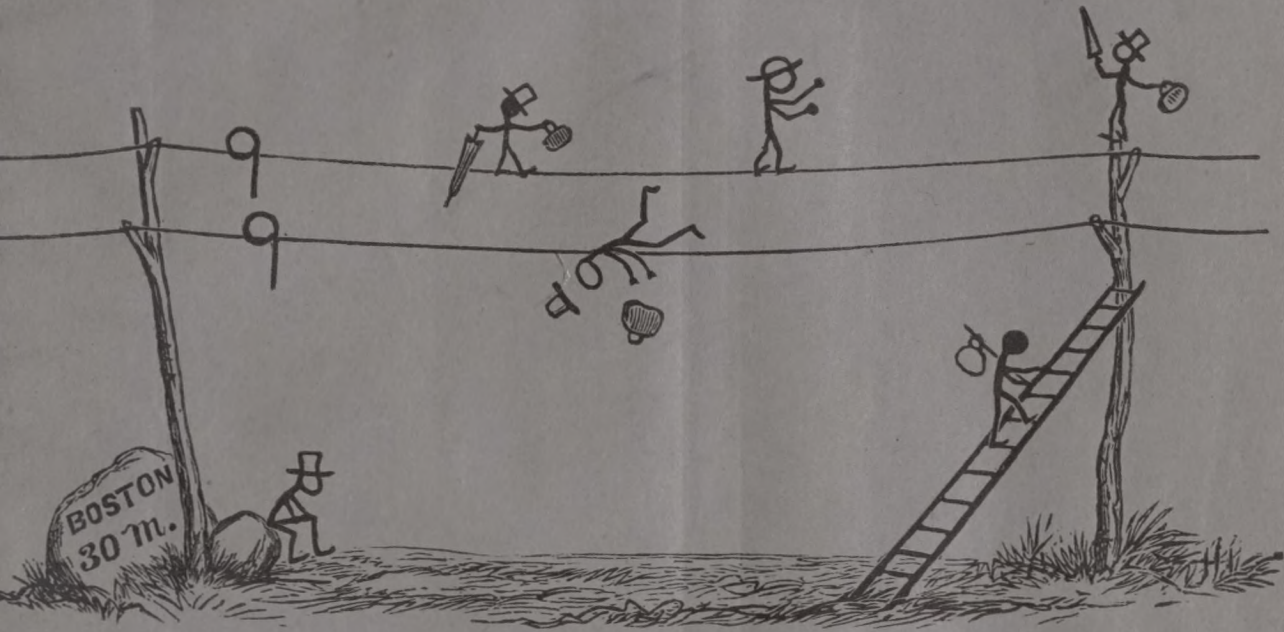




TEN CENTS.

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Notes from the Jubilee.



THE EPIC OF THE AGE.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY DAY & LEE.
1872.

NOTES

OF THE

PHULL, PHAMOUS, AND PHANTASTICAL

PHANTASMAGORIUM :

COMPILED FROM DESPATCHES

RECEIVED BY

HOLLY DAY & JU. B. LEE,

PROPRIETORS OF THE

TERRIBLE, TREMENDOUS, AND TERRESTRIAL TELEGRAPH TERMINUS,

In Six Cantoes (no heels.)

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY DAY & LEE.

1872.



NOTES

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COMPILED FROM RECAPITULATIONS

RECAPITULATION OF

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In Six Copies (no heels)

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BOSTON

PUBLISHED BY DAY & LEE

1872

CANTO BEGINNING.

The other day, much to our surprise,
A yellow pamphlet greeted our eyes,
In which Mose Skinner tries to rise
To explain — but all he says are lies,
As we will show to your satisfaction,
For we solemnly vow that no such action
Is going to worry folks into distraction!
For the Jubilee'll be a peaceful thing
Where some folks will listen and the rest will sing.
Now it's necessary, as we maintain,
That people be not deceived again,
So a truthful account we'll proceed to give
Of the fateful times in which we live.

Though modest we are, and we would not have thought
Of teaching the public what we have been taught —
If it hadn't been for that model of sin,
Mr. Mose Skinner, who's raised such a din!

For the life of us we cannot conceive
Why a man like him should wish to deceive.
But in these days it is very hard
To tell the truth from the lies;
And a poor time it is for a truthful bard
To set up a shop in this city of churches,
Even if on the chimney an angel perches,
And we keep on hand a whole bunch of birches
To frighten the boys, —

Still they make such a noise —
That the angel gets scared and refuses protection,
Spreads her wings and flies with an air of dejection!
Besides if we tell a story that's true, —
The next time we're caught on an avenue,
Or a street, or a lane, in public view, —
Some feller will stop us with, "Look here, you!
Did you know you'd got yourself into a stew?"

With a lengthy whistle and a lengthier "Whew!"
We ask him what he is going to do

About it!

He doubles his fist and shouts, "You will rue
The day you dared write anything that was true!"
"We doubt it!"

Says we. Says he — "Guess you don't know who
You're a-talking to!"

Says we only "Phew!"

You can't do anything that's new!"

He says no more, but instead

He gives us a crack on the crown of our head,

That sends us then straightway to bed!

And our families think that we are dead!



On gruel and barley-water we're fed

Until we feel like raising Ned!

Thus 'tis we're abused who truthful are

And people shall know it both near and far;

For the fellers that dare

To hit us again we will not spare,

But into print we'll put their names

If they try to come their little games!

So here's a warning to them all,
 Both old and young — both great and small,
 To let us severely alone,
 While we proceed upon our way,
 Undisturbed, happy and gay,
 And give to the world a *true* description
 Of the Jubilee without restriction.

Listen all —
 Great and small, —
 Mice and rats —
 Dogs and cats —
 Rooster and hen —
 Women and men —
 All hold your breaths and listen ye
 To the tale of the World's Great Jubilee !!

CANTO CONTINUING.

Doing a business both thriving and driving,
 With trillions of telegrams daily arriving, —
 So many, in fact that they cannot get over
 The wires half so fast as a pig over clover,
 Our firm were compelled among small operations,
 To start a half million of telegraph stations !
 All over this world and some of the others
 Which look upon letters as heathenish bothers, —
 Where steam cars are snails, where phonography's slow,
 Where talk by electricity's all that will go !

Click, Click, Click, Click,
 From morning to night the air is thick
 With messages trembling with haste dramatic,
 As they wait their turn in our telegraph attic,
 Where Dick, Dick, Dick, Dick —
 With Tick, Tick, Tick, Tick —
 Assisted by Peter Petolemy Brick,
 And Nicholas Shoofly, the son of Old Nick —

Our troop of assistants, with taste operative,
Attend with the zeal of the wildest fanatic!

Oh! noble, devoted, long-suffering boys,
Though theirs the blest privilege of making a noise,
Their *ears* from straining to catch each sound,
Have grown so long we begin to fear
We should have to lose our assistants dear,
As there wasn't room for those ears to flop round!

When Dick proposed, in his zeal to stay,
To take the poker every day —
And curl them to keep them out of the way!

But Tick suggested a better plan,
To *fold* the ears of each nice young man,
And write the messages there in ink,
Thus saving paper! — Good boys, we think!

All facts immaterial drop from existence!
The Cubans may freeze in their state of resistance,
Or put Spain in Uncle Sam's generous pocket;
That isn't a spark to the JUBILEE ROCKET!

Though heart-thrilling murders are good in their line,
No need of them now to make bulletins shine!
Divorces are stale,—though still lawyers are busy,
And wedding trosseaus can no more make us dizzy!
Though orphans may wail, and though widows may weep,
They must keep still and starve, though it is rather steep.

Even royal despatches are sent up Salt River!
And not now permitted to ride on our wires,
Unless they are blazing with Jubilee fever
And promise sure lustre to all of our quires!

A Tartary turtle deliciously snapping,
Will come by the Parthia sometime in June;
T'will be useful in case there's a scarceness of clapping
When Gilmore wants special applause for a tune.
Brigham Young has applied,
But we know that he lied
When he said by the cause he'd espoused he'd abide!

Jubal Cain sent us word from the planet of Venus
 That the Jubilee having been named for himself,
 He would straightway proceed to erect a big shelf,
 Where he'd build the big organ and give it a poke
 Straight down to the earth ! but, dear reader, between us,
 He might not *shy straight* ! and 'twould not be a joke,
 Should we study stars on account of the stroke !

So Carl Zerrahn sent to Cecelia the Saint ; —

(We have the message in German and Greek)

She replied — “ *I'm delighted; be blowed if I aint !!* ”

“On my wings I will bear it to earth in a week !”



An order was sent to ex-mortal J. Cain,
 For bagpipes and keys, — that he might not suppose
 That we willingly planned to unjoint his dear nose,
 And get up a Jubilee on his own hook

All among the little stars,

Till like pickles in big jars —

Our pet chorus would be drowned when the universe he shook !

A note from Peru,

And a jolly note, too,

Proffers the famous Peruvian bark,

So true to the life it can yelp in the dark !

Or swim in the sea like Noah *out* of the ark !

Last, a world-renowned lawyer, yclept “Back Bay Sneers,”
 Not distinguished for long head, though much for long ears,

Who had served the O** C***** railroad for years,
 (Not improving its manners, it plainly appears.)
 Sent us word that in matters respecting the "dump,"
 Of papers he has just the requisite lump
 To fill a small crevice the size of a pin,
 Where some one who didn't invest *might* peek in!

Over the wires from the region of rats,
 Come offers of screech-owls, half-grown boys, and cats!
 While crowds of contractors rush over our stairs
 At such a wild rate,— we have paid for repairs
 Just three million dollars and twenty-two cents!
 And now we must chronicle other events.

CANTO THIRDLY.

Up from the Back Bay all forlorn
 Clear in the pleasant bright May morn —
 The Coliseum's gray rafters stand,
 Signs of sin in this pilgrim land.
 For when the old Fathers came over the seas
 They didn't have no Jubilees!
 But the world has grown old in sin since then
 And now it is thought among big men,
 A thing that peace requires!
 And also good for country choirs!
 But this will do for moralizing —

For we don't believe in sermonizing.

Now there's one thing about it that folks don't know:

This Jubilee's been in preparation

Ever since the days of long ago,

When first it came into meditation;

And the Back Bay was filled up on purpose for it,

As you would see, if you only saw it!

And 'twas filled up full and stamped down hard

So as to form a good firm yard

On which to build the great big barn,

About which that Skinner told such a yarn; —

Saying it was nothing but a shed !
 — If he lies so much, he'll soon be dead !
 For we maintain it's the size of a barn,
 And a big one at that ! the kind of consarn
 That Boston usually undertakes.

Especially when there are heavy stakes,—
 Like the beams of this stupendous pile,
 Which is gotten up in such stunning style !
 In regard to its size, there's a wrongful report —
 Mose must have been crazy, or else in sport,
 When he talked of fencing the horizon in !
 For if that were done, there would be such a din,
 Within the walls that the people would flee,
 Nor wait to hear the big Jubilee !

No ! the plans have been laid on a much larger scale,
 By the architect, Widdle-Waddle, the Pale,
 Who has got up a plan that beats creation,
 To accommodate each tribe and nation !

Three sides will be built of marble white,
 — Encased in wood to keep it clean,—
 Making the most magnificent sight
 That ever on this green earth was seen !
 While over the roof is hoisted an awning
 Made up in patchwork from all the flags
 That ever were raised since humanity's dawning,
 Both soiled and clean,— both whole and in rags !

The fourth side is bounded by Europe's shore
 Embracing close the Atlantic Ocean !
 And other nations have vowed no more
 To emulate our Yankee notion.

Carpenters from every town,
 All over the land, up and down
 Are all addressed,
 By special request,
 To the building of boats and rafts and canoes,
 To hold the folks who fear wetting their shoes,

While everywhere there are up-starting
 Schools to teach the wondrous art
 Of swimming, paddling, diving, darting,
 Treading water, and acting smart!

Fast sell swimming seats in this vast auditorium,
 From which will be witnessed the phantasmagorium,
 That 'twill be a success is a certain factorium!

To keep the people from getting sun-struck,
 Some fowls who have the Jubilee fever
 Say they 'll spread their wings and act as reliever —
 Which seems to be quite a piece of good luck!

As for the part where the singers sit —
 And the orchestras fit —
 And the birds lit —
 And the fiddlers split
 With the strokes of wit —
 And all of it —

That is mostly on dry land, —
 'Cause they have to stand,
 And have no time to paddle or swim,
 As they have to sing
With greatest vim,
 AND LOUD DING
 PITCH IN!!

But there's one thing that puzzled them sore;
 Viz: of room there was not any more, —
 And where would be held the peanut stands
 And pop-corn! — alas! what should be done
 If people came from all the lands —
 With no pop corn nor peanuts, — where'd be the fun?

But at last they hit on a brilliant plan;
 — Whoever invented, — renowned be the man!
 On the roof they'd erect these establishments,
 And Barnum's side show and menagerie tents, —
 Thus making TWO LAYERS of Jubilee!
 And wasting no room, it is plain to see.

CANTO NEXT.

Messages we've received in plenty
 From those who want to sing,
 And if they took them all in,
 The universe would ring;
 So they've picked out seventy billion
 With lungs of strongest kind,
 Employing of doctors a million,
 To see if they have good wind.
 One billion will not be examined
 At all, for they head the list —
 The Society Handel and Haydn
 Can't be improved, we wist!
 Though Johnson and Reed
 Are well agreed
 To conduct the rehearsals just like a school,
 In which Zerrahn's baton serves for a rule.
 And they scold the sopranos if to whisper they dare —
 But venture to giggle, then look out for your hair,
 Unless you are a "particular friend," —
 Then into the choice seats you they will send,
 And you may talk as much as you choose.

Four billion are called the Boston Chorus —
 They will be smeared with fiery phosphorus
 To make an impression, you see —
 And lend variety to the forces
 When they sing of the "fiery horses!"
 Next there'll be
 The Salem Society, stately and big;
 They number a million, counting their pig
 Which they use for solos. He's dressed in a wig
 Belonging to "Star-Spangled Ben,"
 Green pantaloons, and red neck-tie, and then
 You'd never know him from another man!
 On the Fourth of July they'll put him in a pan,
 And bake him and eat him — ungenerous clan!

Other choruses, important, profound —
 Numbering billions — there will be found ;
 One billion of nymphs from Greek's classical shore,
 One of mermaids, whose existence no more
 Will by man be denied.
 Their hair will be dyed,
 For it's plain to be seen
 That blue hair is more becoming than green.

One of Iceland's angels done in fur,
 One of cats who do nothing but purr,
 Another of dittos, who screech in shrill treble ;
 While dogs are mixed in
 Around and about in numbers sufficient.

 And to help on the din
 Is a billion of old maids scolding their neices,
 A billion of sheep *bah*-ing for lost fleeces,
 Warbling of donkey and braying of bird,
 And other things equally absurd.

 Another infliction
 Which we must give description,
 Will be a chorus of monster fat men
 Who, put to sleep by means supernal,
 Will snore in a way that's fairly infernal,
 While a billion ministers cry AMEN !

The seats of the choir, we forgot to say,
 Are built in a very logical way
 Around the pyramids of Africa,
 Which are being dug up for that occasion,
 Consenting to come after great persuasion.

The Sphinx has offered to bring them o'er
 If they will let her in free at the door.

So up their steep sides tiers of seats will be piled,
 On which every man, dog, woman, and child
 Will be seated. The orchestras coming between
 To fill up each crack and crevice unseen.

There bands will be found of every nation
 Throughout creation,
 And instruments that baffle account,
 From a one-cent pipe to a catamount!

One great triangle will hang from the ceiling;
 To hearts of all it will be most appealing
 When struck by a billion men of feeling.

The dancing dervishes will be present
 To perform in a way that is very pleasant,

With ballet girls

In short clothes and curls,

Bears that dance,

And horses that prance.

(These will perform overhead

In a red tent with greatest spread.)

Last, but not least, the conductors we'll name,

For 't would be a great shame!

Not to give them honorable mention—

Such is not our intention.

Gilmore the Great, ranks first, of course,

Under him come in regular force,—

Zerrahn aforementioned, and Thomas of fame,

All horse-car conductors, conductor-pipes too;

The great corn-doctor—renowned be his name—

Well-conducted children, and other few

Whom we forget just now.

In the grand pow-wow

Will be a chorus of well-bred ghosts,

Who'll be still and white as so many posts

Till their leader, Beethoven, raises baton on high,

When all in a body they'll start a great cry!

And this is all we know

Of the performers at this wonderful show.

CANTO FINISHING.

Now for a sudden and desperate dash
 Into the midst of this smashing great crash ;
 Music will rumble and rattle and wail !
 — All statues are notified here to turn pale, —
 Grant despatches us word to reserve him a corner,
 And all city chimneys will smoke in his honor.
 A pond is prepared for our Washington Fish,
 Where Cuba can catch him, if such is her wish ;
 The Campbells are coming, that notable clan,
 And twelve polished waiters direct from Japan !

The emperor of China —
 Oh ! sad is the same —
 Has just lost his Dinah,
 (If that is her name,)
 So being in mourning
 He cannot be seen
 Lest his gorgeous apparel
 Should make us feel mean.

The Prince of Wales turned up his nose in disgust
 At his last pair of twins, and declared with a smile,
 He would come if the whole steamer boiler should bust,
 And he had to swim from the first desert isle !



Innocence abroad

Is coming home again,
As he did just re-Mark,

'Twould cut his heart in Twain

If he should lose his seat

On the great Atlantic plain !

Adam will be there, but sweet submissive Eve
He intends to leave at home in solitude to grieve,
But he'll have no chance to flirt,
For J. D. Fulton then,
True to his noble creed —
Most generous of men,

Will go for Mrs. Adam

And take her to the show ;

He does n't care for fig leaves,—

He's *liberal*, you know !

Eugenia would come,

But she can't leave home ;

For Napoleon has been vaccinated,

And her strawberry kids are both mis-mated !

The Queen of Sheba, in all her splendor,

Will come attended by the Witch of Endor,

And Probabilities too will attend her,

All traces of rain

In time to discover

That her seven-mile train

May be put under cover,

As in pleasant times

It must stay out doors

To admit pickled limes

And other small bores,

Among which are lawyers,

Who talk — mid the sport

Of " my cases," and spread

On " Superior Court " !

And hint in a way meaning

" Wish you'd inquire,"

Of the facts I could tell
If I did so desire"!

Tabby Trott will be there from Verdant-Villa
 With a bonnet of pink trimmed with weeping willer.

And father Noah
 Will open the door
 Of the ark, and come forth with a joyful roar!
 Mrs. Noah will possess one arm,—
 With the other he'll shield Mrs. Cain from harm,
 Who takes this occasion to settle the strife
 Respecting the question where Cain got his wife.

Mrs. Noah telegraphs,
 "I will send two giraffes
 "To help on the high notes,
 "If nobody laughs;
 "But Noah is in such an awful hurry,
 "He keeps me in a tremendous worry,
 "And all the time he knows well, the scamp!
 "I've got the antediluvian cramp,
 "He built his ark so confounded damp!"

If Barbara Fretchie was n't a saint
 She would come to see the performance quaint,
 As it is, she sends her silken scarf
 To protect the throat of Aunt Noah's giraffe.

A certain old man who has long felt-on
 The justice of dogs and cats being allowed
 To live in this world of affliction and pain,—
 With a bottle of strychnine will be in the crowd
 To reduce all the dogs that persist in yelping
 Or any small child that may be helping.

Mother Goose,
 With her hair flying loose,
 Will bring Mother Hubbard and look like the — witches!
 While ten thousand old bachelors sigh thro' the chorus
 "We cannot catch one of the angels before us!"

And wipe with torn kerchiefs their poor little eyes,
And wish for just once in their lives, they'd been wise.

All the people who cannot be
At the world's most wonderful Jubilee
Will open front doors
From Australia's shores
To the very tip of the Northern Pole,
And join in the great stupendous whole !

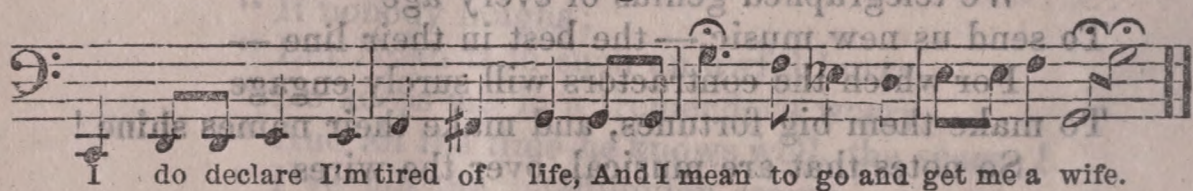
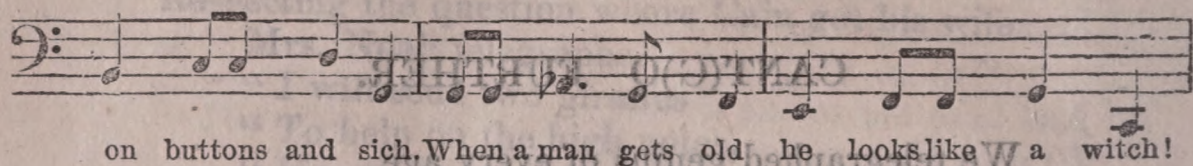
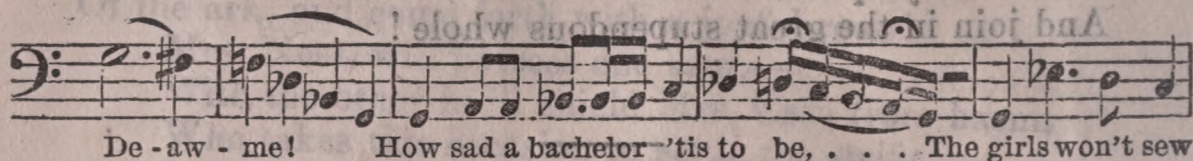
CANT(G)O FURTHER.

We telegraphed genius of every age
To send us new music,—the best in their line —
For which the contractors will surely engage
To make them big fortunes, and make their names shine !
So notes that are musical, over the wires
Come dancing in sheets with the rest now and then,
Some to be sung by the monkey choirs
Who have reached the height to which Darwin aspires,
And some by their fellow-men !

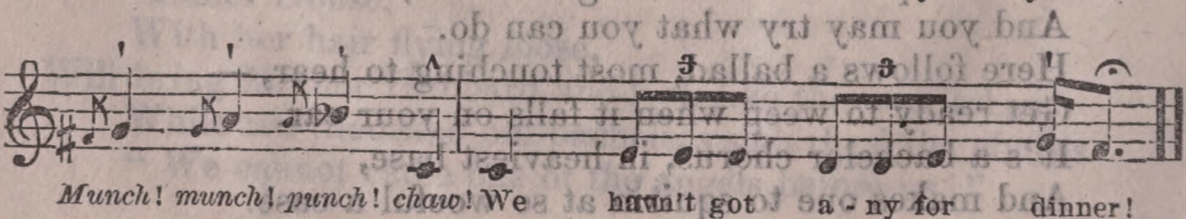
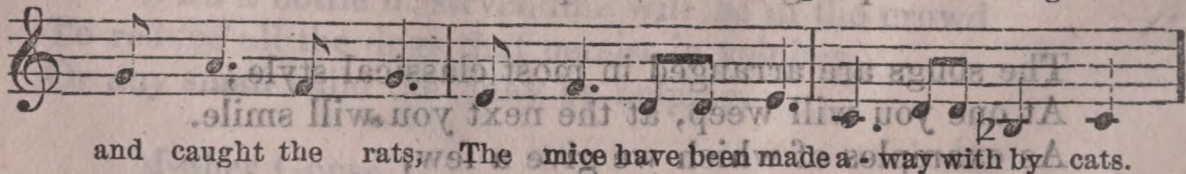
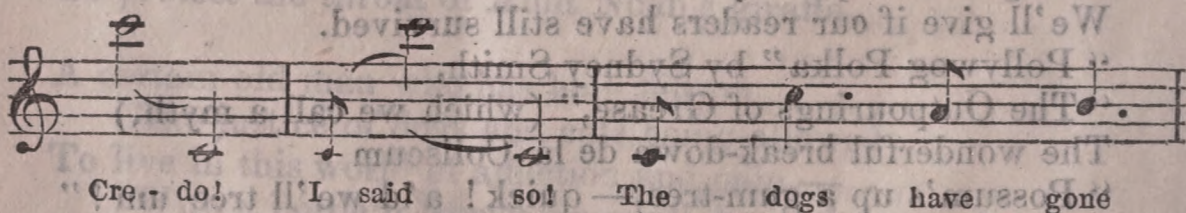
The greatest opuses yet arrived
We'll give if our readers have still survived.
"Pollywog Polka" by Sydney Smith,
"The Outpourings of Grease," (which we call a myth,)
The wonderful break-down de la Coliseum
"Possum's up a gum-tree,—quick ! and we'll tree um !"

The songs are arranged in most classical style ;
At one you will weep, at the next you will smile.
As examples of which we give a few,
And you may try what you can do.
Here follows a ballad, most touching to hear, —
Get ready to weep when it falls on your ear.
It's a bachelor chorus, in heaviest base,
And makes one to squirm at so woeful a case.

Our wires still remain in intense operation,
 Ready to send forth for every nation
 A record of pow-wows, peace, prize-fight, or war.
 And these are our charges according to law:—
 Not less than \$10,000,000,000,000, nor exceeding ten cents!
 Until the next Jubilee business prevents.



Next comes a song of Chinese style,
 To be sung before dinner a little while.

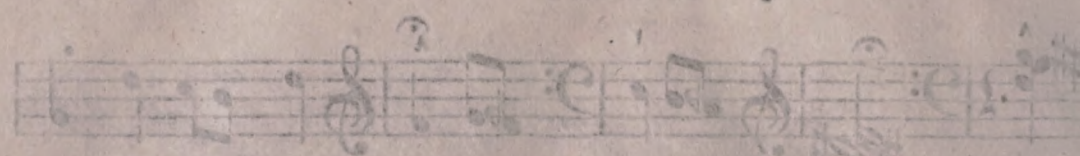


As a patriotic song, which is not very wrong,
We lately saw the "Wogs of Daw!"

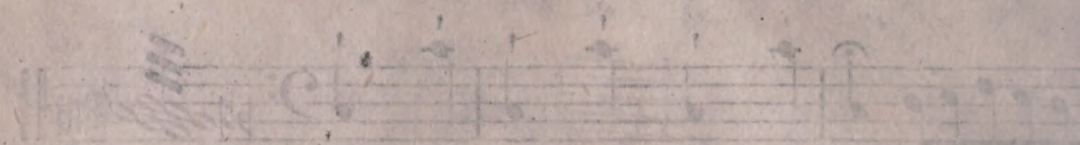
Composed by Julius Ceasar to the tune of an ice-cream freezer.



posed by Julius Caesar to the tune of an old French
 lately saw the "Woe of War!"
 a patriotic song, which is not very wrong.



Now! Now! Now! Now! Now! Now! Now! Now!



Now! Now! Now! Now! Now! Now! Now! Now!





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